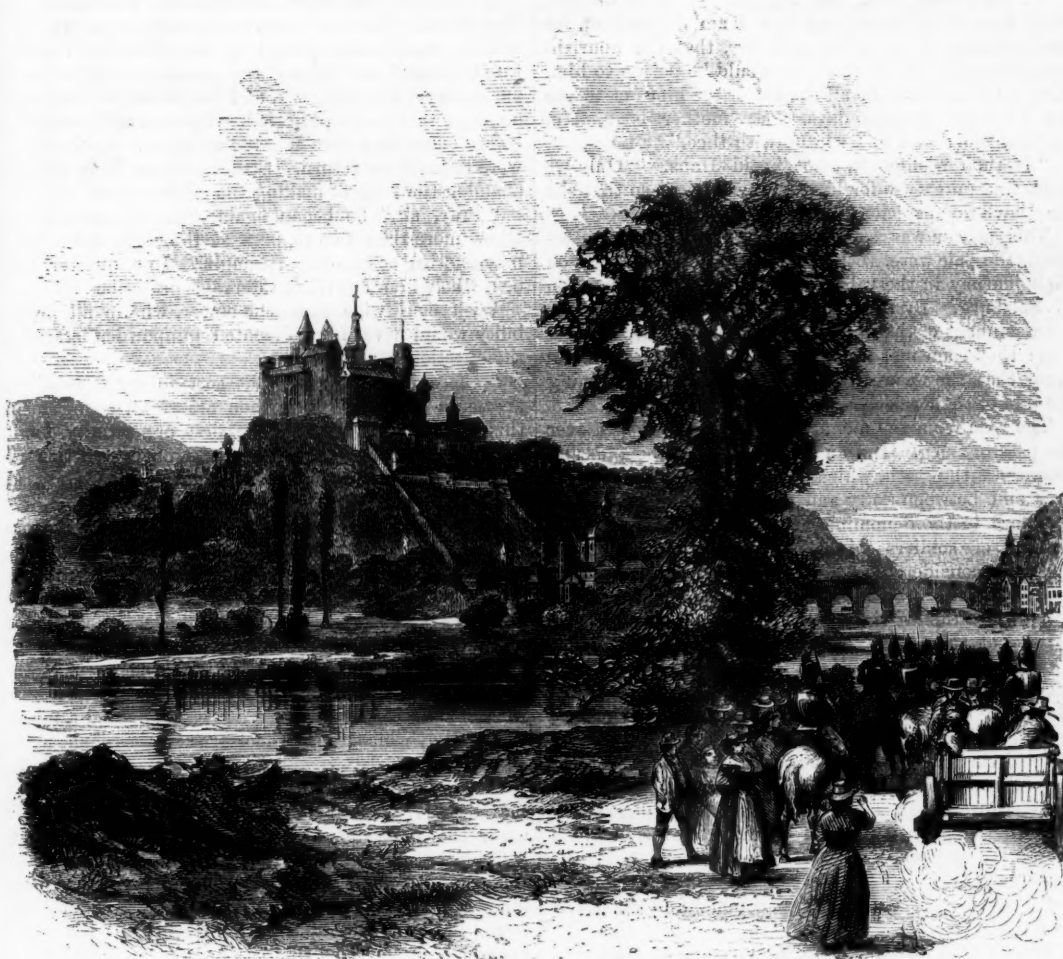


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Comper.*

CHRISTMAS-TIDE ON THE ROAD.



THE PRISONERS TAKEN TO THE CASTLE OF SALZBURG.

THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE misfortune seldom comes alone. Hans, on his way home, experienced this truth when he received mournful intelligence from a man who was coming from Salzburg. He found his Barbara, blithe and cheerful, in the little stall where she was foddering their only cow. After having told one another all the trifling incidents that had occurred in their short separation, Hans inquired,—

"Where is our mother?"

"In the garden. Why dost thou ask? Thou art looking so pale. What has happened?"

"Nothing to me, but there has to one of us."

"Thou alarmest me. What is it?"

"If thou wilt promise me not to mention it to thy mother, I will trust thee with what I heard on my way home."

"Well, I will; do but put an end to my suspense."

"I trust that my informant may have deceived me; but he asserted that there was a report at Salzburg that the persons who have been despatched on an embassy to the emperor had been stopped at Linz, and because

they had no passports had been made prisoners as rebels."

"And my father?" said Barbara, convulsively.

"Only one of them escaped," proceeded Hans, "and the rest are already on their way here to be delivered up to the archbishop."

"May the Lord have mercy upon them!" she ejaculated.

"Now I mean," said Hans, "to set about inquiring whether thy father is amongst them, or if he has saved himself."

"I will go with thee," cried Barbara, eagerly.

"Thou!" said Hans, with surprise. "And what would then become of our boy in the mean time?"

"I shall wean him," she replied. "I have thought some time of doing so, and now I am determined, for my limbs are so trembling with fear, that the nourishment he would derive from me would be poison to him. And besides, it will be all the better for him not to see me for two or three days. My mother is fond of nursing him; and so I will go with thee."

"If thou wishest it, come," said Hans. "Only we must find an excuse for leaving thy mother, so that she may have no suspicions."

This matter was soon arranged, and directly afterwards the pair were, with beating hearts, proceeding on their journey in the valley of the Salza, in the direction of Salzburg. By this time the report respecting the imprisonment of the deputies had gained wider circulation: they soon met three women and a girl, who told them that they were likewise desirous of ascertaining the fate of their relatives.

The road from the mountains to Salzburg leads over the pass of Lueg. Here a small fortress commands and intercepts the path, which for a short distance winds over and between lofty and precipitous rocks, and is therefore justly denominated the Cell of Lueg. A handful of soldiers might easily defend the passage against a considerable body of troops, the only entrance being a covered way, provided with a strong gate. A little before their arrival at this part the travellers discovered at some distance, with great surprise, evident signs of activity displayed on the heights which encompassed the dell. Hundreds of men were employed in erecting ramparts, constructing barricades, and dragging up artillery. The grief, however, which afflicted the travellers suppressed their desire to learn the cause of these extraordinary preparations; they therefore were hastening onwards with the determination of passing the Cell—a procedure, however, in which they were stopped by a strong guard who held the outer gate.

"Stand back!" was the harsh command of the officer on duty.

Struck with astonishment, they remained transfixed to the spot.

"Whither do you go?"

"To Salzburg," they replied.

"For what reason?" Anxiety and a gloomy foreboding caused each of them to think of some other reason than the true one. The soldier looked at them irresolutely and doubtfully.

"Only two of you can be permitted to pass at a time; the others must turn back. You must therefore agree amongst yourselves who shall remain behind."

"But, my dear sir," replied Hans, modestly, "I have gone through the Cell hundreds of times, and with a much larger company than now, and the passage was never before refused to us."

"Ay, but then you were considered good subjects.

Since that time, however, it has been discovered that thousands of you are rebelling against your sovereign, and as the worst may be expected from you, due precaution must be taken."

The travellers gazed at each other in perplexity.

"Decide," urged the officer; "my orders are to allow only two men to pass at a time."

"But, please sir," said Barbara, taking courage, "we are not men. You see here only one man and five women."

"Humph!" muttered the son of Mars, perplexed at this simple objection. "That might be a question; it would not be the first time that a man had worn a woman's gown to obtain his object."

A dispute now arose amongst the travellers, who should, and who should not, be left behind, but the contention was soon terminated by the officer, who constituted himself arbiter on the occasion. As is usual among men, the other sex, and the young and beautiful amongst them, were preferred. Barbara and the maiden before mentioned were selected to pass, but the others were ordered to return. Still, however, Hans did not abandon the hope of making the officer relent.

"Pray, sir," he began again, "since thou wilt not allow more than two to pass at the same time, when may another couple pass through? In a quarter, half, or a whole hour? What interval is prescribed?"

With eyes wide open, the officer, who in all probability would never have invented gunpowder, stared at the questioner.

"There is nothing of that sort in my orders," he answered at last. "But thou art right, young man; this must be amended. The first opportunity I will send one of our men to Salzburg for instruction respecting this matter. Thou must have patience, my lad, until he returns."

In the mean time Barbara proceeded on her way, torn by conflicting feelings. She would have wished to return to her husband, and she was anxious to meet her father: thus she arrived at Salzburg, which the prisoners had not yet reached. She scarcely allowed herself time to eat a piece of bread, which was moistened partly with her tears, and partly with the water of the castle fountain, before she again hurried on her way to Linz. Night closed upon her. A barn afforded a miserable shelter, which, though footsore and weary, she again left at break of day.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning of a lovely May day, 1731, when she perceived, at a bend of the road, the glittering lines of the imperial dragoons defiling out of a green wood. Two hundred and fifty soldiers accompanied three waggons, in which were lying twenty-two of her countrymen fettered and helpless. She was not able to press through the dense crowd which encircled the prisoners, although she was bold enough to make the attempt, in the midst of clouds of dust from the horses' feet. Besides this, the sides of the vehicles were so high that she could only catch a glimpse here and there of some of the heads of the unfortunate captives. Her feet almost failing her, she implored the captain to inform her if Manlicken was among them. Deaf to her entreaties, he silently motioned her to go aside. She experienced the same treatment from the rest. In this manner she ran along through clouds of dust, heated, out of breath, her heart beating quick with anxiety. At last she perceived at a little distance, by the roadside, a walnut-tree, whose branches spread over the pathway. Thither she flew, climbed up the tree, and looked down to discover her beloved father.

The waggon passed slowly beneath. Eight fellow-sufferers were in it sitting side by side. The silvery hair, which stole from under their rounded hats, testified that it was not youthful presumption which had urged them to the step they had taken. Silent and patient, they sat there with their heads bent and their hands joined as if in prayer.

"Manlicken! father!" cried Barbara, sobbing. Her agonised cry wrought magically upon their deeply afflicted hearts. All the eight heads turned towards her to see whence the cry proceeded. But he (Manlicken) was not among them. Quickly her eyes now sought the second waggon. At the same call from Barbara, the same action was repeated. And again, among seven countenances on which grief was imaged, she perceived no trace of her poor father. The hope that Manlicken might be the one who had escaped began, notwithstanding her struggles against it, to take possession of her mind. This violent conflict of her feelings affected her frame so strongly that the branches of the tree to which she clung for support trembled. Her breast heaved, and her heart beat violently, as at length the last waggon drew near, and with it the great and important decision of her hopes and fears. She could scarcely pronounce her father's name; but there were the pale features of Manlicken gazing at her. He raised his hands to her, fettered as they were; his lips appeared to utter something, which through the rumbling of the waggons and the trampling of the horses her ear could not catch. She had almost fallen from the tree, but when she descended she lay motionless at the foot of it for some time; and yet such was the strength of her affection that she arrived at Salzburg at the same moment as the prisoners. At the imminent peril of her life, she made her way through the midst of the dragoons to the gate of the fortress of Hohen-Salzburg, to which the prisoners were conducted. But when they were descending from the waggon, Barbara could only behold her father at a distance.

"They will be lodged nine fathoms deep underground," said an old invalid to her, "where neither sun nor moon will ever shine upon them, but where, at all events, they may rebel against salamanders and slowworms." Fortunately for Barbara she did not hear these words; she only saw her father look once more towards her, and then descend into his horrible grave. She found herself at last standing near the cathedral of Salzburg. How she had come there she knew not. Nor did she perceive for some time that there was a person eagerly offering her consolation. It was only when he named her father, whom she should often see and converse with, and that for this purpose she should during her sojourn there reside in the house of a respectable woman close by—nay more, that she might even be able to restore Manlicken to liberty—that she became attentive, and recognised in her comforter the young Baron Von Motzel. As if in a dream, Barbara, scarcely conscious of what she did, suffered him to lead her through several streets to a remote part of the city, where he committed her to the care of a woman who seemed to know the baron perfectly well.

For the next two days, the young baron made several pretences for visiting Barbara, always endeavouring to console her with the belief that she should see her father immediately after his first examination. He now appeared, even to himself, in quite a different light from what he had hitherto done. He was no longer, as formerly, the gay and reckless cavalier, but evinced in all his words and actions his admiration and respect for Barbara's beauty and modesty, and a deep-seated sym-

pathy for her sorrows. The father of Von Motzel, having by the most nefarious means acquired a large fortune, raised himself from the low rank of tax-gatherer's clerk to that of warden of Werffen; and it was his most anxious wish that his son should, by forming some high alliance, ennoble their family, and by such means bring them into that station in society which it had been his constant aim in life to secure. He accordingly fixed upon a young lady of noble birth, the wealthy heiress of the Chancellor Von Rhelingen. Von Motzel entirely coincided in his father's views on the subject, and as on the first proposal of the projected alliance he saw no obstacle to the continuance of the gay and careless life he was leading, he gave himself no further trouble about it, but left the arrangements to be made by the warden.

On the evening of the third day after poor Manlicken's imprisonment, there was a brilliant assemblage of persons of the highest rank and consideration of Salzburg, at the house of the parents of his betrothed. The young baron was likewise there. He had always viewed his future bride with feelings of indifference, but now his indifference almost amounted to aversion, as the image of the pure, beautiful, and noble-minded Barbara presented itself to his mind. He was naturally of a good disposition, but he had been thrown early into the society of young men of rank and fortune, whose acquaintance it had been the sedulous desire of his father he should cultivate. He had insensibly adopted their manners, and was thoughtlessly drawn into their pursuits, and had thus obtained the character of a profligate. The beauty of Barbara, rendered still more touching by the grief caused by her father's imprisonment at Castle Werffen, had first attracted his attention; and as he observed her ceaseless and patient watchings at the small opening that communicated with her father's dungeon, feelings of noble and virtuous admiration arose in his heart, which he felt ashamed to avow to his companions. It was in one of these moods that he encountered poor Barbara, who, absorbed in grief, was for some time totally unconscious of his presence. He endeavoured to get her lodged in a house the inmates of which were known to him, flattering himself that this care on his part was disinterested, and merely to enable her to see and visit her father. It was soothing to him to think that his influence might enable her to do so, hoping by that means to detain her longer in Salzburg.

It may be imagined that it was in no mirthful mood that the young baron mingled in that evening's courtly and joyous throng. His pride struggled against his deep love for the simple peasant. He feared that, by displaying his real feelings towards her, she would quickly fly from him, and thus deprive him of the solace of seeing her; and then, again, he thought that perhaps at that moment she might be leaving Salzburg, and going back to her home in the mountains. Von Motzel determined to escape from the party, and ascertain whether Barbara was yet in Salzburg. Watching his opportunity, he managed, unperceived, to leave the house. It was a bright moonlight night, and, taking care to keep in the deep shadows cast along his path by the lofty houses of Salzburg, he hastily pursued his way. He had gone but a short distance when he was suddenly accosted by one of his acquaintances, a cousin of his bride, who now arrested his footsteps.

"Whither away, Baron?" cried he, with astonishment. "How is it that thou hast already left the company which I was on my way to join? Hast thou really been able to obtain the permission of thy betrothed to this defection from her ranks, thyself the foremost of her admirers?"

Von Motzel's vexation at this unwelcome encounter was too strong to be mastered, and he answered sharply,—

"I felt unwell, and I have therefore come out to breathe the fresh air; a short walk, hope, will remove my illness, and restore me to her company."

"Oh, then, permit me to attend thee," returned the other; "I hope, by that means, to merit the thanks of thy beautiful mistress. For alone thou mightst fall into a swoon, and be plundered by ruffians, or even worse might happen."

"No, no," said Von Motzel, irritated by this frustration of his plans, "I could not think of detaining thee from such a scene of gaiety."

"But I shall doubly enjoy it," said the young man, "if I take thee back with me; make no compliments, therefore."

Wishing the troublesome fop at the bottom of the sea, Motzel proceeded, accompanied by his tormentor, who followed him like his shadow. Irritated and perplexed, he at length stopped before the house in which he had placed Barbara.

"Herr Rhelingen," he said, addressing his companion, in a voice almost choked with anger, "have the kindness to wait for me here a short time. I find that the fresh air has not removed my indisposition: I wish to consult my physician, who lives in this house."

"Thy physician, Von Motzel! What! in this house?" said the other, with visible incredulity—"thy physician lodging in so mean an abode? Hear me, Baron," said the youth, seizing fast hold of him, "I know the character thou bearest. Thine evident confusion and vain attempt to deceive me by a falsehood convince me that thou art engaged in some evil design. I will denounce thee as the vilest of human beings, if thou presumest to enter this dwelling. It is full time that now, on the eve of thy betrothal, thou shouldst abandon thy bad mode of life. Give me thy word of honour that thou wilt, and I will accept it."

"This to me," fiercely answered Von Motzel. "In despite of thy doubts, I will not thus be dictated to by thee."

"What then, shall I publicly declare thee a scoundrel?" said Rhelingen.

"Yes," reiterated Von Motzel; "even a dishonourable knave, if it pleaseth thee."

"Ha!" said Rhelingen contemptuously, "I had forgotten that no really noble blood flows in thy veins. Nothing but the ink of the *ci-devant* clerk sluggishly circulates in them. Dead to all sentiments of honour, thy patent of nobility was engrossed with the blood of the peasants whom thy father ground down to squalid poverty. Perhaps this may rouse thee from the mire of thine abjectness."

With these words, he inflicted a severe blow on Von Motzel's face, who, now foaming with rage, drew his sword and ran his insult through the body. Uttering a piercing cry, Von Rhelingen fell heavily to the earth, and the young baron, his weapon covered with blood, fled into the house before which the quarrel had occurred. An alarming tumult arising almost instantly in the street, he rushed through a back door which was open, and in a few minutes afterwards his horse's hoofs were heard resounding across the wooden bridge of Salzburg, as he hastily galloped out of the city.

At the end of the bridge he saw two persons sitting in the mild moonshine in earnest conversation. Little did he imagine that one of these was Barbara. When the hostess had left her, she had opened the window of her small apartment, and stood before it, enjoying the

coolness and freshness of the night air. The sight of the full moon, which poured its soft radiance in a flood of light upon the quiet little room, caused her to yearn with maternal tenderness to once more behold the child she had left behind. And then she thought of her faithful Hans, who, she knew, was at that moment searching for her in all directions with the deepest anxiety. She thought of her mother and brothers, who were hourly expecting her return. Then the image of her imprisoned father presented itself to her mind. Torn from her family, excited by her tender affection for them, and hoping to obtain some fresh intelligence of her father, she quitted her apartment. She had not advanced far into the passage of the house, which her grief and utter prostration of strength had for two days prevented her leaving, before she felt her dress gently pulled, and heard the timorous voice of a young woman who whispered, "Escape quickly."

Barbara would have asked an explanation, but the earnest voice only repeated the urgent advice to escape at once.

"You will not be able to see your father," added the girl, as if knowing the secret of Barbara's unwillingness to leave; "the prisoners are adjudged to perpetual imprisonment. Save thyself."

With grateful thanks, Barbara took leave of the young girl, and quitted the city. But she had not walked more than a short distance out in the friendly moonshine, anxiously seeking for a path which should lead her to Salzburg, before a lonely traveller was advancing rapidly towards her. Oh, joy, it was her Hans! After the first burst of delight at their reunion, and heartfelt thankfulness to Providence for the peril she had escaped, the faithful pair, so happily reunited, proceeded on their homeward journey. It was this pair that the baron saw as he galloped across the bridge.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE papers which were found upon the prisoners, and which proved, without doubt, that many thousands had embraced the Protestant faith, occasioned no small consternation at the court of Salzburg. Above all things it was deemed necessary to ascertain whether the long list of signatures were voluntary, and whether the refractory subjects were really so numerous as they appeared to be from the documents. It was not thought advisable to employ force, therefore recourse was had to artifice. The crafty Chancellor Jerome, Christian Von Rall, together with Von Rhelingen, marshal of the prince's household, and one secular, therefore repaired to the several wardenships of the mountains, promising redress to all who could allege well-grounded causes of complaint. On the 15th of July, 1731, they arrived at Werfen, where multitudes of the peasantry, continually flocking to them, declared, in the full confidence of faithful hearts, their discontent at the intolerable fines of the judicial tribunals, and at the oppressive charges for funerals, as well as other ecclesiastical demands. These three distinguished personages behaved so kindly and affably towards the complainants, who had been accustomed only to the contemptuous treatment of their wardens, that they soon won their confidence. At length Von Rall put the question to them, whether it was true that many of them had determined to forsake the church which alone afforded the means of salvation. After some hesitation the principal spokesman answered that they all belonged to the Catholic Church, but that perhaps some of them might be inclined to pass the pale. On being desired to express themselves in less figurative language, Ruprecht Stuhlebner drew a

paper from his bosom, which he presented to the chancellor, explaining that it contained their general confession of faith.

"But, my children," said Rhelingen, "you must candidly inform us whether you mean to be Catholics, Lutherans, or - Reformers; for these three religions, according to the Westphalian Peace, alone can have free exercise in Germany, and the emperor himself is bound to protect them. Or have you a new confession of faith entirely your own?"

All now voluntarily acknowledged themselves to be Lutherans, and, on the report being circulated of the parley which had taken place, the people came flocking together from all directions. They came in such multitudes from every mountain, every valley and ravine, that in the wardenship of Werffen alone three thousand one hundred persons were registered, and their possessions, as well as their names, were all carefully noted. In all the wardenships there were 20,678 individuals of all descriptions who professed themselves desirous of embracing the new faith.

Encouraged by the specious assurances of the chancellor, the population of Salzburg no longer concealed their true sentiments. And when the prelates and Jesuits reviled and execrated their religion more bitterly than ever, they totally absented themselves from the churches, so that, on the day of the Assumption, only three persons attended the service in Wagrain. From that time the priests were to be seen speeding from house to house in order to recall their erring flock by means of menaces and opprobrious reproaches.

For the purpose of maintaining a steadfast perseverance in their resolution, the whole of the Protestant communities delegated one hundred of their number to assemble in the market-place of Schwarzach. It was on the 5th of August, 1731, that the deputies, in the name of their constituents, bound themselves by a solemn oath to abide in their faith, and therein to live and die. On a table was placed a vessel filled with salt, out of which all the deputies took a portion and swallowed it, as a visible sign of their union, which gave to this act the name of the "SALZBUND," or Salt Alliance. With prayer, singing, and reading the forty-sixth psalm in the version of Luther, the meeting broke up.

The archbishop, who had not naturally a cruel heart, although imbued with the deepest fanaticism of the times, felt a truly paternal affection for his subjects, and was shocked when he reflected on what he called the error of their ways. The most exaggerated reports were repeated to him respecting the public defection of the heretics, and they operated on the weak mind of the prince so powerfully that he became much alarmed, not only for his own safety, but also for that of the Catholic part of the population. He therefore entreated the aid of the emperor against his rebellious subjects, and even despatched Count Hannibal Von Thun, and the warden Sigismund, Baron Von Rhelingen, to Vienna, to negotiate for a force of one thousand troops.

It was rumoured the heretics intended to surprise the capital, and massacre all the Catholics; for this purpose, it was said, they were to obtain possession of the arsenal in Radstadt, and of all the castles that were fortified. To defeat this supposed project the fortifications of Hohen-Salzburg were speedily repaired; the pass and fortress of Lueg, together with the arsenal at Radstadt, were garrisoned; and, in addition to these preparations, the neighbourhood of the castles of Werffen, Golling, Goldegy, Tarenbach, Mittensill, and Hirschbühler, was cleared of the circumjacent houses and

trees, except some of the highest of the latter, preserved for the purpose of placing torches, which, when lighted, would serve as alarm-beacons on the outbreak of the looked-for rebellion.

In the mean time, the country people, relying on the unquestionable justice of their cause, and the aid of the Protestant princes, sent messengers to Ratisbon with renewed applications. The negotiations into which Von Schonberg, the Saxon ambassador, entered with Von Ziller, the ambassador of Salzburg, are remarkable; for the latter could not by any persuasion or argument be induced to exhibit answers on the part of his sovereign in his own handwriting, for no other reason than because it was the custom of the Protestants to print all their proceedings that were of a public nature.

As soon as the archbishop received assurances from the emperor that he would grant the aid which he had requested, he laid aside the condescension which he had hitherto shown, and issued a proclamation against the insurgents of Salzburg, threatening them with immediate expulsion if they did not return to their ancient faith.

The Protestants, however, continued undaunted; ridiculed the edict, calling it the "new salute from the Pope," and would not permit it to be affixed to the doors of their houses.

WHEN THIS OLD CHAIR WAS NEW;

OR, DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"FULL humble were their meals,
Their dainties very few:
'Twas only ground nuts, clams, and eels,
When this old chair was new.

"Their greeting very soft,
'Good-morrow' very kind:
How sweet it sounded yet,
Before we were refined.

"Humility their care,
Their failings very few;
My heart! how kind their manners were,
When this old chair was new."

So felt the descendants—or one of them at least—of "The Pilgrim Fathers;" and thus he wrote on William Brewster's chair—a relic of their primitive life in the land of their exile.

As they grew and rooted in the soil, and prospered and became rich, their hearts lost that strong attachment which a fellowship in suffering begets. There were divisions and strifes; they were "refined," and their "very kind good-morrow," elegantly expressed now, lost its earnest cordiality; their "failings" increased with their possessions, and their "humility" did not prosper when good dinners superseded "ground nuts, clams, and eels." Thus thought the poet of the chair, no doubt not altogether without reason.

But in the past, mellowed by distance, harsh colouring and rude outline are lost. We compare it with the present, and the present fares hard with us. Look on *that* and on *this*, we say; where is the simplicity, where the truth, where the geniality of olden times?

There was necessarily much less of artifice and churlishness and other evil things among the Pilgrim Fathers than afterwards appeared in their children; for their numbers being multiplied, so were their corrupt tendencies. But the poet of the chair, if he had made this allowance for increase of population and its inevitable effects, might have found under the guise of advanced civilisation (the result of prosperity) as

much in comparison to admire as in "the ground nuts and eels" time. A special purpose bound the settlers to act in harmony and merge separate interests in attaining one great end; that end had been attained, and now there was breathing room for individual concerns; but the stern curb which had restrained the appearance of self was self-love exhibited (through circumstances) in a highly respectable form.

It is a way we have, of grumbling at what is, and fetching unfavourable contrasts, from memory we think, but more truly from imagination.

"When I was a boy," says a grandfather; "When I was a girl," says a grandmother; and remarks follow which ought to impress the hearer with a sense of shortcoming and shame, such wonderful things were said and done in the days of the past.

"Such servants as there are now," says a mistress; "they do no work, think of nothing but dress and pleasure, and the wages: wages are really fabulous!"

The charge is unhappily true of many who call themselves servants; and the mistress will go on and say, "Formerly, a girl would be ashamed to be seen with long sleeves except on a Sunday; she could clean and cook and wash and brew and bake, she was up with the lark and went singing through her work, and didn't mind taking a turn at the spinning-wheel, or putting a patch on a housecloth when the evening came. Those were the days!"

Yes, they were the days—but only half the story is told. Servants are altered indeed, but so are mistresses. Let it be remembered that the mistress of a servant who worked in that fashion had no idle life. She was in the forefront and thick of all the work herself: the servant followed in her wake, and didn't object to labour under, not orders only, but good guiding. So the complaint should go on, and tell how mistresses then knew how to teach a servant, and set a good example, could themselves take a hand in cleaning, cooking, brewing, and baking, and not fail at the spinning-wheel or needle in the evening. The fault is not in nature. Servants now are made of the same material as they were then; it is the state of society that makes the difference in them and in their mistresses. Most of the mistresses who complain that their maids cannot work and will not, are unable to show them how, and unfit for the exertion. The very same increase of "refinement" that spoils the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, has spoiled them and their maids. Neither in mind nor body are either of them, as a class, equal to the good old days over which our grandmother housekeepers sigh.

Education, dress, diet, amusements, are all of another kind in both classes. But the leading fault is in the higher class. The changed mistress has changed the servant. Let us go to the root of the matter. Can it be expected that a young person whose father, being in respectable circumstances, has been able to give her what is called "an education"—but such only as has in it no useful elements scarcely but those of reading and writing (for all who are able to judge will allow that the prevailing education is very superficial)—is fit to be a mistress? Yet how many are? Her thoughts have been driven by trifling pursuits from home duties; she is more in earnest about the adornment of her person than any other thing. She is fond of amusements, she thinks scribbling in albums, or writing letters, or doing fancy work, or jingling on a piano, is her proper occupation, and expects her servant, who has shared in the altered training of the day, and knows nothing of work, and only wants to get out of it as much as she can, to

do all her duty, to keep her in ease, and cleanliness, and comfort, by her own undirected efforts. And while she who, being a ruler, ought to be a guide, leads a life of idleness, she is angry, and surprised that her maid admires her notions of what is agreeable and is idle too. She is displeased with the excess of her dress, and justly; but the less said on this subject by all the womankind of the present day the better, for the infection of over-dressing has so thoroughly spread, that to determine on any distinction of rank or circumstances from the manner of dress is impossible. The maid sees her mistress, whose husband is perhaps in any but affluent circumstances, dressed as handsomely as the wife of the opulent goldsmith or the rich banker: and it naturally follows that she goes to the extent of her wages (and demands a rise upon them too), that she may vie with these ladies' maids.

But the mistress will tell you that the girl actually leaves her dishes unwashed that she may answer a letter in time for the post; that she will not work at her needle even to keep her own clothes tidy, but spends every moment she can steal from her neglected duties in her voluminous correspondence. No one will deny that the bright side of the penny post has its dark reverse. A farmer's wife complained that her "girl" would leave the cows to run after the postman's cart; and that, while she was almost bare of clothing, she would expend a little fortune on "envelopes and paper" whenever an itinerant vender came in her way.

But this is only a feature in the evil face of the idle life which example seems to justify. There is another—the mistress is indignant, shocked: she finds a novel in the kitchen drawer—one of her own library books—together with some publications of a very objectionable nature. How bad the world has become she cannot find words to tell. She quite overlooks the fact that she has sanctioned such reading by her own adoption of it, and that while works of at least a questionable character lie on her drawing-room table, she has no right to wonder at finding them, or others of a less polite description, but in the same direction, in the kitchen drawer.

"What! am I to read nothing but what my servant is to read?" cries the indignant mistress.

"Oh, yes; you ought to read much that is above her comprehension, that your mind may be trained and strengthened for the honest discharge of all your duties—among them that of a mistress. Whatever pollutes, whatever weakens, whatever in any way deteriorates, you ought to avoid; it disables you from being a faithful and efficient mistress, as the books you find in the kitchen drawer disable your maid from being a faithful and efficient servant."

"Oh!" cries the grandmother again—"Oh, for days when the mornings were spent by young ladies in culling simples, and the evenings at the spinning-wheel or tambour frame; when the pride of a young woman lay in the quantity of home-spun she could show, and not in the endless finery in which she could array her person."

It is not becoming to contradict the aged, so we only cough slightly, and are silent.

"You agree with me, I am sure?" says grandmamma, a little sharply.

"Well, madam, my admiration of simplicity is great; but, if you will allow me to say so, there is a difference between the simplicity of dignity and the simplicity of ignorance (which is not dignified at all). I think those young ladies whom you remember with such approbation, if we may judge from the periodicals of the day, were

not by any means pattern young ladies. They culled simples and spun flax, but those were the staple excellences of their lives. As to their reading, the novels of those days were as offensive to taste and as antagonistic to purity as any can be now. As to dress, remember, madam, their stay bodies and hoops, their trains and embroidered petticoats, their powdered hair and lappets, and their *paint* and *patches*!"

"Well, well?" says grandmamma, half smiling.

"Don't you think, ma'am, if the education of the present day were well directed, young ladies, instead of being the worse for it, would be all the better?"

Grandmamma cannot go so far as that. But the truth is, that a good thing is no less good because it is ill applied. Mix gold with alloy as you will, it is gold still, and the furnace will show it to be so. The advance in education in all ranks is no evil in itself; the evil is in the imperfection of nature, and in the father of evil, who is ever on the watch to turn a fresh movement to account.

If we could go back to those days of virtuous, industrious, and simple-minded young ladies, we should see but few in comparison of such as we expected to find, and when we had found them should most probably think they would have made better companions to a husband, and guides to children and servants, if they had been better educated, *i.e.*, enjoyed the advantages of this day; and those miracles of servants, those paragons—not to be spoken of without a groan—it is a question whether many would be met with (if we were landed in those golden times) that would not shock us by their coarseness much more than delight us with their excellence, especially when we found that they would no more "run alone" than the damsels of the present day. No, if we are to go back, let us fly farther.

There is a servant described in an old book, where the truth is told without exaggeration: his name was Eliezer of Damascus. You may read his history a thousand times, and always when you rise from it bow with respect to his memory, and wish you could find such a servant now. But who was his master? Why, Abraham, who commanded his household and his servants after him, to keep the ways of the Lord. Eliezer had been trained by his master—by precept and example—to pray, to serve in the fear of God. Then, as now, this training was infallible in its results.

There is a portrait which, for symmetry, for grace, for loveliness, exceeds all that the masters of old ever painted; it is called, "The Excellent Woman." Let any young lady read that, pray that it may be her rule, study to make it so, and she will leave her grandmother little to complain of. Neither her husband, nor her children, nor her servants, will want to go back to the wonderful days of simple-culling, tapestry-working gentlewomen to find a wife, mother, or mistress. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Many do not look at all, many look only to find fault; but she looketh, and looketh well.

Times change, manners and customs change, our wants and desires, chameleon-like, taking a colour from a changed society, change too. There is, however, no change in the golden rule for the making of an excellent wife, mother, and mistress found in the last chapter of Proverbs. As the women in the patriarchal times followed it, as the ladies of our grandmothers' regrets followed it, and as the ladies of this day follow it, so peace reigned and reigns in their hearts and in their house-

holds. In this universal outcry against servants there are such peaceful homes to be found. Happy the mistress who reigns in such a one, happy the servant who serves!

SPANISH REVOLUTIONS.

We see as yet only the beginning of the end in Spain. One thing is certain, that any change must be for the better, compared with the state of affairs in the beginning of this year. When things are at the worst, there is some hope of mending, and never was nation more degraded than Spain at the close of 1867, when a public journalist thus wrote:—

"Notwithstanding wholesale transportations to the Philippines and to Fernando Po, the citadels of Cadiz and Cartagena are described as crowded with liberals chained in couples like galley slaves, after the most approved Neapolitan fashion. The streets of Madrid are startled at the dead of night by domiciliary visits, and the seizure of persons, papers, and all that comes to the *alguazil's* hands. Letters are unsafe at the post-office, not only in the kingdom, but even in the colonies, whither, as we see from a late announcement, our own authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand have ceased to forward registered letters, as the Spanish Government refuses to give receipts. Taxes are exacted for a whole twelvemonth in advance, and all sorts of tricks are played with the bank and the funds, that convents and nunneries may be indemnified for the spoliation they endured at the hands of Mendizabal's Government. The King-Consort, the Bishops of Avila, Burgos, and Segovia, together with Father Claret the Confessor, and the Bleeding Nun,* constitute the *Camarilla* in whose hands the chief minister and his colleagues in the Cabinet are mere tools.

"It is hardly to be believed how completely the clerical element has crushed not only the civil, but even the military order. It is true that the fidelity of some of the generals is constantly stimulated by the most unbounded lavishness of ranks and honours; the promotion of such a man as the Marquis de la Pezuela has been so outrageously rapid as to shock the *esprit de corps* even of those staunch loyalists, Pavia and Concha; but no amount of Royal bounty, well or ill bestowed, will ever cure the disaffection rife among the troops. Between O'Donnell and Narvaez every regiment has been 'swept clean' of its non-commissioned officers. At a review lately held in Madrid the artillery came to muster 'without one single sergeant in the ranks.' We do not know to what extent the Queen may win the hearts of her subjects by the patronage she extends to the fine arts; but we are told that on her saint's day she conferred the title of Viscount de Molina upon Obregon, a well-known comic singer of the popular theatre La Zarzuela, a man who, by her liberality, has been for the last two years enabled to keep up a style of luxury and grandeur which has caused flagrant scandal. For his own part, the King-Consort was equally anxious to remunerate the private services of his favourite, Meneses, by proposing him for the honours of a ducal coronet."

Narvaez and O'Donnell were the latest military rivals

* After the flight of Queen Isabella, Sir George Bowyer attempted a defence of Father Claret and Sister Patrocinio, his letters, as usual, confirming the public belief in what he denies. Every Spaniard knows that the Royal Confessor exercised baneful influence, and that "the bleeding nun" was convicted as an impostor, pretending to have the marks of the Saviour's wounds.

for power, but there seems to have been before them a perennial contest among the heads of the army. It was only when the chief of these were dead or banished,



A GALLICIAN (*Gallego*) WITH BAGPIPE (*gaita*).

that the Government was left for a time to the miserable rule of Gonzales Bravo and his clique, whose insolent conduct roused the spirit of revolt.



PEASANT OF ARAGON.

Since the death of Ferdinand VII, in 1833, the nation has been in perpetual disturbance. There was first the war of Zumalacarreguy, who, with Torreguy and other

chiefs, proclaimed Don Carlos. In 1835 Cardero endeavoured, at the head of a battalion, to substitute the Constitution for the Statute. In 1836, 3,000 men of the garrison at Granja, at the orders of three sergeants, compelled Queen Christina to take an oath to the Constitution of 1812. In 1838, it was the turn of Narvaez and Cordova, who attempted at Seville a retrograde movement which failed. In 1840, the army, under the orders of Espartero, pronounced against the Regency of Queen Christina. In 1841, a movement in her favour took place at Madrid, Pampeluna, and Saragossa. In 1843, there was another, in which Generals Serrano, Prim, Ortega, and Narvaez joined. In the same year, Catalonia endeavoured to establish a central junta. In the early part of 1844, Alicante declared in favour of Espartero. Some months after, General Zurbano tried to restore the Constitution of 1837. In 1846, all the garrisons of Galicia united in favour of the same object, which had replaced that of 1812 in the hearts of the insurgents. In 1848, Catalonia strove for the same end.



HONEY-SELLER, MADRID. "*Miel, miel, blanc-a-a.*"

In the month of May of that year the Commandant Buceta, at the head of the regiment of Spain, caused some disturbances. Two months later, a battalion and three squadrons appeared in arms in Seville against the Constitution of 1845. In 1854, Brigadier Horé, at Saragossa, at the head of his regiment, made a special pronunciamiento of grievances, but was put down. On the 28th of June, Dulce and O'Donnell disembarassed the throne of the Camarara which dishonoured it. In 1856 it was the turn of Commandant Corrales, who proclaimed Charles VI at Saragossa. In July of the same year, General Rios, commandant of Gerona, pronounced in favour of the constituent Cortes. Several other movements took place with the same view. In 1859, some sergeants of Alicante and Seville were executed for endeavouring to establish a republic. In 1860, General Ortega, Captain-General of the Balearic

Isles, proclaimed the reign of the Count de Montemolin. In 1865 took place at Valencia a movement, the leaders of which had not time to issue a programme. In 1866 came on the affair of General Prim, which terminated



FATHER CLARETA.

unsuccessfully, and drove him to the exile from which he again lately emerged.

What will be the upshot of recent changes no one can guess. There is something rotten in the state of



SISTER PATROCINIO, THE BLEEDING NUN.

Spain. There must be some element of national life wanting. We have heard of the army and its generals, of the grandees, of the church, this time of the navy, and always too much of the Queen and of the Court.

Throughout the country is there no middle class? Is the love of freedom utterly trodden out? It may be that Spain now is bearing the bitter retribution of past crimes. The inquisition quenched the light of truth, and when a nation is without religious liberty there is no deep soil for civil freedom. With a constitutional government, a free press, popular education, and above all an open Bible and the spread of Christianity, there might yet be hope even for Spain.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

SAMUEL LOVER.

To preserve some authentic features of self-drawn character, only throwing in what might be needful as a light upon them by anecdote or brief comment, is the object of these papers; and either for personal interest or literary curiosity, it would be difficult to find a subject more worthy of selection than Samuel Lover. Of men whose memories will live after contemporary hurrying and noise have passed away, I claim an honoured position for my lately deceased and lamented friend. It is true that he has been popular; but has his fame or his substantial reward been equal to his merits? In my humble opinion, so far from it, that I recognise few individuals within my sphere of observation to whose rare and varied talents less justice has been done.

From some cause not readily explicable, Mr. Lover, like Edward Bulwer, now Lord Lytton, was assailed on everything he produced, and persecuted to the best of their abilities by the same critical clique and their allies. Bulwer had conscious power in him, so that he rose the greater from their persevering enmity, whilst Lover, not so powerful, though he did achieve a name in literature, had his success so much marred by their hostility, that he failed to reap the harvest and to reach the station due to his deserts.

Keenly did Lover feel his injurious treatment with every novelty he produced. Even his latest musical drama was driven off the stage by a pre-determined opposition, and with sorely wounded heart he wrote, complaining of the unfairness of the attack:—

I thank you [he writes to me] for your sympathy in my mishap. . . . British fairplay seems forgotten, and we have fallen on currish days, I fear, in our modern journalism. My well and fairly earned reputation should have been sufficient to protect me from the *blackguardism* that has been exercised against me. I am safe, however, from such paltry attacks. They cannot rail the seal from off my bond. This mosquito bite is nothing, when I think of the grief that smote my heart this morning, seeing the announcement of my most dear friend Edward Forbes' death. I cannot tell you how bitterly I feel his loss. Another of my dearest and closest friends gone.

When true hearts are withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

We can't make *old* friends—and at our age new ones are not good for much—they *don't fit*.

Yours, ever truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Some hard words occur in this letter, but they speak the impulsive sensibility of the poet, and are natural to all men of talent whose hopes are cruelly crushed by rash censure or unjustifiable prejudice. The peccant matter disposed of, it affords a melancholy pleasure to have the genuine character of the man himself before us—the brief lament for the loss of a valued friend by the author of "The Four-leaved Shamrock." See how he would "weave his spells" with the "charmed leaves"—not seeking wealth or splendour:—

But I would play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around;
Oh, not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.
To worth I would give honour,
I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years.

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanished dreams of love,
Should find them all returning,
Like Noah's faithful dove;
And Hope should launch the blessed bark,
On Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
And Misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be.
Oh, thus I'd play the enchanter's part!

That I should nourish a private affection for this song may well be imagined on perusing the following letter:—

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I think your bonnie lasses were so pleased with "The Four-leaved Shamrock," that they took it home, and as I do not wish you should be without a copy of the trifle that I am so proud and pleased you admire, I send you another copy. I think I know why you like it so much: it is that the expression of good feeling finds an echo in your own kind heart. "The Arab" you seemed to think well of, for the same reason, and so I send you that too.

Yours ever,

Most truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Monday, 27, Charles Street, Berners Street.

The warm and large heart of the writer speaks in letters of this description, warm and large as the native Irish heart, and only elevated into richer glow and wider comprehension by the gift of true genius.

When barely of age, in 1818, he attracted the notice and applause of Dublin by singing a song of his own composition in compliment to Moore, at an entertainment given by his friends, and received the poet's graceful acknowledgment of the tribute. From this period his pen was never idle during the years he pursued his profession as a miniature portrait painter, and with distinguished patronage and success. Nor was he less a favourite in the social circles, where his lively conversational talent, his ever ready song, and his recitations of Irish tale or legend, made him always a most welcome guest. The latter were from time to time contributed to periodical publications, and ultimately a first volume was published in Dublin. But it was not till two years later, viz., 1827, that his fame, or even his name, was heard of in London. In the spring of that year Messrs. Sherwood and Co. gave the world "Poetry and Poets," by Richard Ryan, author of "Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient Irish," in three volumes, and among the selections was one thus noticed in the "Literary Gazette," No. 532, March 31:—"Among the pieces said to be original, the following stanzas, by a Mr. Lover, an Irish gentleman, are pretty:—

THOUGHTS OF SADNESS.

(After two descriptive stanzas, referring to them, he proceeds—)

But though sad 'tis to weep
O'er incurable woes—
Sad the dream-disturbed sleep—
Yet far deeper than those
Is the pang of concealing
The woes of the mind
From hearts without feeling—
The gay, the unkind.

For saddest of any
Is he, of the sad,
Who must smile among many,
Where many are glad;
Who must join in the laughter,
When laughter goes round,
To plunge deeper after
In grief more profound.

Oh, such smiles, like light shining
On ocean's cold wave,
Or the playful entwining
Of sweets o'er the grave;
And such laugh, sorrow spurning
At revelry's calls,
Like echoes returning
From lone empty halls."

And this was the first glimpse of Samuel Lover on the English side of the Channel and in London, where his growing reputation and conscious ambition induced him soon after to establish himself as an artist at his residence in Charles Street, with his prolific pen in reserve for the exercise of his other musical, literary, and versatile powers. The incident above related had led to an immediate acquaintance between us, which speedily ripened into a friendship more intimate, cordial, and lasting than often falls to the lot of humanity. He scarcely ever printed a song without a private rehearsal to gratify me, and he adopted no important affair without seeking my advice. With his manifold pleasurable accomplishments as an author, and his estimable qualities as a man, it is not strange that the attachment of those who knew him well was of no ordinary description. Artist, lyricist, dramatist, novelist, essayist, humourist, musician—he took a fair rank in all, and in song and nationally characteristic tale he has not been excelled.

Settled in London, Mr. Lover devoted himself assiduously to his art, and painted portraits with sufficient success (though not reaching the very highest rank) to remunerate his labours, and yield a competency for the passing day—at all events when supplemented by his literary publications. The second volume of the "Irish Tales" was added to the first; and the ingenious story of "The Curse of Kishogue"—who unfortunately mistook the squire's horse for his own mare—achieved a loud popularity. This favourable opinion was increased by the appearance of the story of "Rory O'More," and of "Handy Andy," in "Bentley's Magazine," though the guinea a page, monthly, was no such encouragement to the author as the liberal remuneration is to popular contributors to the periodical press at the present day. Another lyrical volume followed, and his songs, sung everywhere, sounded the fair fame of the lyricist over the length and breadth of the land. "The Angel-Whisper" had already been among the most popular of his effusions, but throughout a numerous sequel, whether published in volumes or separately with music, there were, at last, a whole series which found echoes in every class and condition of society. Virtuous love, benevolence, pathos, patriotism, and Irish humour, were all delightfully illustrated. From "The Mother's Wail for her Lost Fairy Boy" "The Minstrel," and "True Love can ne'er forget"—an exquisite love-history in a dozen lines—to the laughable Widow Machree, exhorted to follow the example of the

Dear little fish,
If they don't speak, they wish—

there is a wonderful variety; and the whole appropriately winds up with that richest aggregation of Irish despairing passion evaporating in the rapid confusion of mind and evolution of bulls—

My shadow on the wall
Is not like myself at all;
I've grown so tall and thin,
That myself says 'tis not him!

At the close, begging for marriage to

Put an end to all this bother,
When they'd both be one another!

His brief appearance on the stage I mention only as leading to those monologue entertainments which for

years amused the public, both in every part of Great Britain and throughout the American States. One of his letters from Dublin gives an account which is very naïve, and curiously descriptive of the national character a quarter of a century ago, so much the same as it is now.

Dublin, Jan. 24, 1846.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I start for the south to-morrow, after having my two last nights, of the most triumphant character, highly fashionable and crowded to excess; in short, after the platform being crowded, and all the standing-room exhausted, hundreds went away who could not get admission. I wish I could stay, and make a *run* of the success, but I am engaged to the south, and must only hope on my return my welcome will not have worn out. Only fancy "The Royal Dream," that which you and I fancied would be what the Italians call a *fuore*! Not at all. The fact is, the little lady [so they called the Queen] is not popular here with any party; they think, one and all, they have been neglected in not being visited sooner. So I must only hope the spirit of my song will do me good *elsewhere*. But St. Kevin—that's the fellow; no mistake, they do like St. Kevin! However, finding my Queen's Visit was not of the catching nature I hoped for, I have done some of my other entertainments, and they are liked; but the judicious—those who know "what's what"—say the Visit is the *best thing* I have done. I worked up the second part *very well*—I think you will say so when you hear it. I don't know if you saw or heard of a furious attack upon me in the "Nation." They "denounced" me and my praises of the Queen, and I was blackguarded, body and sleeves; but the rascality of the attack foiled its object. It did me more good than harm. I met Mr. Duffy, the editor, at a public dinner (the *Press* dinner) the day the attack appeared. My health was given with *enthusiasm*. In returning thanks, I made a hit at Mr. Duffy to his face. I was "cheered" like anything. I send you the trifle. The "Nation" has been silent since. I think *Vinealy's* dirty work was somehow in it. A man named Barry, of Cork, did the dagger work; but my public triumph here is the best answer. However, that the author of the novel of "Rory O'More" should be stabbed by the "*Patriots!!*" is too bad.

Yours ever,

My dear Jerdan,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Wm. Jerdan, Esq.

In the autumn of the year he sailed for America, and was applauded and *fêted* (as more recently Dickens) at New York, Boston, and throughout the Union. In 1848 he returned home, and resumed his entertainments with American bits and other novelties. But as this sketch is not a biography, I pass over his epistolary descriptions of his transatlantic successes, darkened by the lamented death of his wife at home, and anxiety for his two orphan daughters.

Three years ago, having sought retirement and repose at Sevenoaks, Kent, he suffered a dangerous attack on the lungs, and was with difficulty restored, to seek Jersey as a change. There he died, and the body was brought to be interred in Kensal Green—being met and attended by the London Irish Volunteers. And well he deserved the honour; for he was a fine type of the loyal, liberal, warm-hearted Irishman, richly gifted with delightful talents, ready witted, and amusing in social life, and above all sterling and honourable in principle and conduct. I cannot bear to dwell on our long, unchangeable friendship and mutual attachment; but my readers can have no deep sense of my grief for his loss, and I will bid farewell with a cheerful letter, among those of my latest dates.

Sevenoaks, Jan. 18, 1865.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have been not very well since I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, and I do not expect to be much if any better as long as the cold weather lasts.

All you say of the — Club is quite true. We may quote the lament of Ophelia—

See what I have seen—
See what I see!

"'Twas a pleasant place once upon a time," as the nursery tale initiates its pleasantries.

Had it continued to be pleasant, it would have cost my self-denial more than it has done in taking my name off the list of members. Well, grumbling is no use, so "there an end," as Mr. Pepys says.

I send a photo-proto-type of a owld sojer boy, for Mop [his god-daughter]. I am only an honorary member of "The London Irish" now, but I was one of the first to drill in Company No. 1, when the corps was first established, and I have "*marched through*" London with them. Now don't think of *Coventry* when you read "*marched through*."

Why should so old a fellow join the volunteers? I'll tell you why, as far as I am concerned. Ireland was behaving so badly at that time, and about that grand movement, that I thought it incumbent on every Irishman in England with a spark of gentlemanly feeling and loyalty in him, to enrol himself among the volunteers. And now good-bye for awhile, dear old friend.

Yours, very truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

If the rulers of the Flowery Land have sent an embassy to the English barbarians, they will be received with all due welcome. John Bull will be very happy to see John Chinaman. Let bygones be bygones. For three centuries the English merchants have been left to be bullied at outposts by insolent mandarins. English envoys have been exposed to humiliation and treated with trickery. But things are changed since the capture of Peking and the embassy of Lord Elgin. If the present embassy is a genuine affair, it shows a wonderful progress in Chinese life, and should be met in a spirit of amity and conciliation.

But is it a genuine embassy? A clever American is at the head of it.* An Irishman "plays second fiddle." They are accompanied by a retinue of Chinese interpreters and officials. There are two mandarins, but not of very high rank, and the others are ordinary Chinese scholars not receiving large pay. When we consider the enormous extent and wealth of the Chinese empire, this mission appears a paltry affair to represent her grandeur at the courts of Europe, especially if compared with the British embassies to the court of Peking. Moreover it is noticeable that they bring no presents to the monarchs to whom the envoy is accredited. This omission is significant, as, according to Chinese etiquette, no ambassador could have audience without bringing costly gifts to the emperor; so that cannot be considered a true embassy which does not bring some valuable presents to our Queen, or the Emperor of the French. But then, if they did so, it might be said that the mighty Emperor of China had fallen so far from the high estate his predecessors held as the supreme rulers on earth that he sent *tribute* to the barbarian princes of the west, the presents of all ambassadors being so named to show the supreme grandeur of the Chinese emperors. Under these circumstances this cannot be considered an embassy representing the court of Peking, and may be repudiated by the emperor if the mission fails in its object.

However this may be, it is useful to recall the state of matters between China and other powers, since the treaty of Lord Elgin. Before that treaty was signed,

* We have been favoured by the Chinese Ambassador with the following note relative to the names, the quality, etc., of the different members of the embassy:—I. Poo An-Chen (Hon. Anson Burlingame); Choong-Kwo Chin-Chai Ta-Chen. II. Chee Kang, called Chee Ta-jin. III. Sun Chah-Kuh, called Sun Ta-jen. Secretary, Poh Choh-An (John McLeavy Brown, Esq.); Secretary, Teh Shen (Monsieur E. de Champs). Student Interpreters:—(1) Lwan Fang; (2) Tah-keh-shi-nah; (3) Foong Be; (4) Teh Ming; (5) Kwai Yung; (6) Ting Chuen—*Flying Dragon Reporter*.

in 1858, the only western nation which had a representative at the court of Peking was Russia, in right of her Asiatic territories bordering on the Chinese empire. All other nationalities approaching China by the sea-board held their intercourse with the Government through the provincial authorities at the ports open to foreigners. From this cause arose the constant quarrels between traders and native officials, and the continued hostilities of the naval and military forces sent out to protect our trade. It was obvious that this state of affairs would remain with its evil results until such time as England and France should have representatives at the court of Peking. Accordingly this was provided for in the treaty of Tientsin; but it cost a war, which upset the government, and accelerated the death of the late emperor.

The success of England and France in this matter led the way to the appointment of an American minister, who secured all the privileges of the belligerent powers without incurring any warlike expenditure on the part of his own country. Lord Elgin's policy in enforcing the articles of the treaty for a British representative at Peking, as the only remedy for maintaining pacific relations, is proved by the result that hostilities have not once been renewed since, and our relations with the Chinese were never on a more amicable footing than they are at present. There are now thirteen treaty ports open to foreign trade; and if any disputes arise between the foreign merchants and the local authorities they are referred to the Central Government and ministers at Peking for their decision. Many such have occurred, and if there had been no access to the supreme authorities, in all probability we should have been again at war with China, maintaining costly naval and military forces to enforce our demands.

Meanwhile the personal intercourse of the foreign ministers at Peking with the high state officials, more especially Prince Kung, uncle to the juvenile emperor, and head of the Foreign Office, has had the effect of enlarging the political views of the Government, and showing them the defects of their own national polity as compared with western civilisation. They saw the deficiencies of their system of education, and, to their credit be it said, candidly acknowledged them by instituting a college at Peking for the education of native youth by foreign professors in the arts and sciences. It must be admitted, however, that their greatest anxiety has been to train up their students in a knowledge of those arts that instruct in the manufacture of implements and munitions of war, in order that they may be qualified to superintend the factories being established for such purposes by foreigners in the provinces. Of the general scope of the institution, and the nature of the classes, with the reasons given for departing from ancient custom for modern practice, we find a full statement in the memorial presented to the emperor by the members of the Foreign Board, praying for the foundation of the college. "It is not impelled by a sentiment of blind admiration for knowledge of this kind possessed by Europeans, nor by an extravagant love for novelty. The reason is that in reality the construction of machines for warlike and industrial purposes, so important in our days, is based entirely on the sciences. China wishes to construct her steamboats for herself; but to enable her to do so European masters must initiate her in the principles of the mathematical sciences, and point out the course to pursue. It would be a mistake and a fruitless expenditure of labour and money to hope that the Chinese could attain such a result by their imagination alone. To those who may say that

China humiliates herself in seeking instruction from foreigners, we shall reply that if one thing in particular can make a nation blush, it is to be ignorant of that which others know." These sentiments are honourable to the memorialists as indicating the true spirit of progress.

Having so far adopted the educational institutions of foreigners, the step naturally followed to conform to some of their political institutions upon the earliest occasion. An opportunity has occurred this year in connection with the treaty of Tientsin, which the Chinese have availed themselves of. That treaty, we have stated, was signed in 1858, and it contains a clause providing for its revisal after the lapse of ten years. As the period approached, there were numerous discussions by the chambers of commerce at the treaty ports, upon the articles that should be revised, and additional clauses were suggested to give foreigners increased privileges in trading throughout the interior, in opening up mines, and constructing railways and telegraphs. In these proposed alterations of the treaty, the British residents took the leading part, embodying their views in memorials to Sir Rutherford Alcock, our minister at Peking. At first it was intended that the revisal of the treaty should be executed in China, where it was made. But the Chinese authorities took alarm at the sweeping changes proposed, and they resolved to submit the question to the treaty powers themselves, through an envoy accredited by the emperor to the European courts. This was acquiesced in by the foreign ministers, as it would relieve them from an onerous and disagreeable task.

At this time Mr. Anson Burlingame was American minister at Peking, and had made himself unusually friendly with the Chinese Government on account of his leaning towards the nation in his diplomatic intercourse. He was also on the best of terms with his colleagues, and had acted impartially as arbiter in difficult matters of diplomacy to their satisfaction. In December, 1867, he was proceeding to visit the treaty ports prior to resigning his appointment, when a farewell dinner was given to him by Prince Kung, at which he expressed regret at his leaving China, while a minister of state named Wenseang asked if he would represent the Chinese Government officially at Washington and the courts of Europe as their envoy. To this he agreed, and the embassy now in England was formed.

When it was officially announced in China that an embassy would proceed to Europe with the late American minister as ambassador, much surprise was expressed by the British residents, and the subject was freely discussed in the local newspapers. Some looked on the mission as a job got up by the foreigners in the service of the Emperor of China, who are supposed to be hostile to the interests of British and other foreign merchants and bankers, through whose hands the external commerce of the country passes in exports and imports to the value of more than fifty millions sterling, and paying duties to the Chinese treasury of the high annual figure of £2,700,000. The reasons advanced in support of this supposition are connected with the staff of employés in the Chinese Foreign Maritime Customs, which was originally instituted by the English and French plenipotentiaries, to raise means in payment of the indemnity moneys which have been levied for the expenses of wars incurred to enforce the demands of the allies. At first the Inspector-General and Commissioners of Customs were, perhaps, more favourably disposed towards their own nationalities than their Chinese masters. But many changes have occurred in the officers of this establishment; and the present In-

spector-General, an Irishman, espouses the interests of his employers as against foreign innovations, with as much, or, as it is alleged, with greater prejudice than if he were a Chinaman. He is a perfect master of the Chinese language, and resides at Peking, where he is in daily communication with the members of the Government, who look upon him as their adviser in all foreign affairs; acting upon his advice, with a promptitude that is all the more remarkable that former Chinese Governments exhibited the most utter contempt for the outside "barbarians"—as Europeans were until lately designated—and their policy. Evidently the secret of Mr. Hart's success is his conservative feelings regarding China, while he advocates the introduction of foreign institutions so far that they will be entirely under the control of the Chinese. This he has shown in his regulations for the commerce passing through the Customs under his control, where he endeavours to check the efforts of foreign traders, especially British merchants, in extending their operations through the country. It is not necessary to enter into the questions that have arisen between them: suffice it to say, that the levying of transit dues on merchandise sent into the interior, besides the Customs duties, is considered obstructive to mercantile interests, and the prohibition against foreigners trading in the interior, with the privilege of working coal mines, and constructing railways and telegraphs, is contrary to the policy inaugurated by the treaty of Tientsin. In withholding further privileges, and abolishing obnoxious clauses in that treaty, the Inspector-General of Customs concurs with his Chinese masters, and opposes their introduction into the revisal about to be concluded. In these views he has been supported by Mr. Burlingame, when acting as American minister at Peking, and in some measure by our own minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, while the French minister disagreed with them. When the time for revising the treaty approached, it was evident to the philo-Chinese foreigners that their views could not be carried out on the spot without serious disputes with the foreign mercantile community, and there can be no doubt that this mission originally emanated from them, which the Prince of Kung and his coadjutors only too gladly adopted, as in accordance with their traditional policy of delay and obstructiveness.

In April last the Chinese embassy crossed the Pacific in one of the American line of steamers to California, and from thence by way of Panama to New York, where they arrived in May, and were presented to President Johnson at Washington, who received its members at a special audience. Of course it was natural for Mr. Burlingame to visit his native country first, as America is included among the treaty powers with China; and, geographically speaking, it is the nearest state to the empire he is considered to represent. That the ambassador should seek preference for his own nation when opportunity offers is also natural; but no benefit can at present accrue to the United States that is not shared by all treaty powers, as each treaty contains what is generally called the "favoured nation clause," which conveys all the privileges, immunities, and advantages that may have been, or may be hereafter, granted by his Majesty the Emperor of China to the Government or subjects of any other nation.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

MANY a young man who is leaving school or his private tutors will exclaim, "If I cannot get a commission in a

cavalry regiment or be a paid *attaché* to an embassy, let me, by all means, become a Queen's Messenger. It must be so delightful to be constantly rattling about over the world—visiting strange places, seeing strange people, and meeting with strange adventures—to have to talk German, French, Spanish, Italian, and Russian, all in one breath, as it were; to start away at a moment's notice to the other end of Europe, and to be back again in the course of a few weeks or so." Those who have tried this life assert that a man must have a very strong head and stomach and nerves, that he must possess perfect temper and decision and self-command, that he must be firm and gentle and fearless, be able to stand heat and cold and wet and fog, and bad food and damp sheets; in fact, that unless he possess qualities of which not many men can boast, he will be very unfit for the office of Queen's messenger, however he may be suited to become Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury.

My friend Mr. F——,* who had held that much envied post in the Civil service, was seated one evening in his comfortable parlour. The fire was burning brightly—the winter was drawing on—his family were around him, when the usual official missive was put into his hands, directing him to start with important despatches forthwith for the land of the Czar. Friends expected were put off, his portmanteau packed, and a very short time saw him rattling away in the mail coach to Dover, to cross to Ostend. His route lay through Cologne, Berlin, Königsberg, to Koono, on the Russian frontier. Wheels took him thus far, for the railway system had not at that time shot forth its tentaculæ-like arms to embrace the whole of Europe within its grasp, although on our snug little island it was already coming into existence.

At Koono, where the Kiemen is passed, onward to Luga, to St. Petersburg, the snow having come down and formed a hard frozen road, the carriage was put on runners, and reversing the usual order of things, it was turned into a sort of terrestrial cephalopod by having its wheels fastened on to its head. With snow above, snow below, and snow on every side, the Queen's Messenger reached the giant city built by the great Peter on the mud banks of the Neva. Two or three days were allowed him to thaw and rest, and he was started off to the south of Russia.

Once more he had to take his seat in his travelling sledge, habited in his fur pelisse, with bearskin rugs, and wrappers innumerable, and hot bricks for his feet, for a journey of a thousand miles or more over frozen snow. Still, in spite of the bitter cold, the thermometer many degrees below zero, travelling in Russia is pleasanter in many respects during winter than in summer. In summer there are the heat, and flies, and dust, and rough roads, and rivers to be forded or crossed in ferries or by rotten bridges, and innumerable other inconveniences to be surmounted; while the snow is a wonderful leveller of roads, and the ice forms a trustworthy bridge over every stream. It is possible to drive into a snow-drift and to stick fast; and a break down in the middle of the night of a Russian midwinter is undoubtedly to be dreaded.

My friend had got about three-quarters of the way between St. Petersburg and Moscow, and, there being a moon, was travelling on through the night, when the sleigh driver suddenly pulled up his horses.

"What is the matter—what has happened?" he asked.

* The late F. Fricker, Esq., Queen's Messenger.

"The matter, your lordship, is nothing, except that there is a dead man in the road, and you would not wish me to drive over him?"

"Certainly not," said my friend, leaning out of his sledge. "But are you sure that he is dead?"

"Of course, how could a man be lying on such a night as this in the middle of the road and not be dead?" asked the driver. "I will just draw him aside and gallop on."

"Let me ascertain first whether or not he is alive," said my friend getting out of his sledge. "Help me to lift him in here."

"Oh, my lord, my lord, you know not to what fines and penalties you will subject yourself, should he be dead, as he most certainly is," expostulated the driver.

"Am I to force you, slave, with my stick?" exclaimed my friend, getting angry at the driver's obstinacy. "See, here are the marks of his steps at the edge of the road, where he reeled to and fro before he fell."

"He must have swallowed too much vodka," growled the driver.

"No, he was weary and sleepy, and sank down overcome," answered my friend. "Help me, I say."

Unwillingly the serf helped the obstinate Englishman to lift the inanimate body into the carriage.

"Now urge your horses on as fast as you can, and stop at the first house you reach," said my friend. And he took his seat with the seemingly dead man by his side. He found that the man's hands were perfectly cold, but his heart yet beat, though faintly. Still he was satisfied that the man might be saved if soon attended to, and anxiously looked out for the appearance of a house on the road. At last the sleigh stopped before a small house. He knocked and knocked for some time.

"What is it you require?" exclaimed a voice from an upper window, in a querulous tone. My friend answered that he had a sick man who required immediate attention.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the person from the upper window. "We are Polish Jews, and if he were to die, we should be fined, or imprisoned, and ruined altogether. Drive on, drive; the God of Abraham speed you, but do not ask us to take in the dead man."

"He is not dead, friend, I tell you; and he will live to show his gratitude, if you will receive him; besides, I will pay all expenses to which you may be put on his account, and, moreover, the fine which may be imposed on you should he die," exclaimed my friend. "Here, I will pay both amounts over to you at once, and should that not be sufficient, when I come back I will pay you more. See I have a *poteragenas* (a pass to secure post horses, granted to official travellers) that will convince you that I will be as good as my word; besides, I am an Englishman."

"I am perfectly satisfied," said the old Jew, his heart softening at the mention of a reward. He descended the stairs, and the driver, with the help of my friend, bore the inanimate form of the stranger into the house. Fresh wood was piled up on the stove-fire, the body was rubbed thoroughly all over at a distance, gradually drawing it nearer, and some hot drink was got ready. My friend waited till the stranger had opened his eyes, and shown other signs of life; and he then, leaving in the hands of the delighted Jew a handsome sum, hurried away to continue his journey through the long night. The remainder of his journey was not the less pleasant that he could reflect on the little piece of "Good Samaritan" work he had performed.

Two months passed by. Stern winter still held the whole of Russia in its icy grasp. The Queen's Messenger

was on his return from his far-off mission towards the north, when, as he drew near the spot where he had picked the stranger out of the snow, he recollected the circumstance. It was daytime, and he had no difficulty in finding the house of the old Jew. He was recognised at once.

"Did the man live?" he asked.

"Indeed he did, and has been here several times to inquire for you to express his gratitude," answered the old Jew. "He is a worthy man, and it was providential that you saved his life. He has a wife and large family, who would have been left destitute had he died. He had gone to Kieff to obtain a large sum of money, but, ignorant that he had gained his suit, and having before fallen into poverty, he was returning home on foot, weary and sad, to his family. The letter containing the good news had already reached his house when he returned home. Had he died, the property would have gone elsewhere, and his family would have been left in poverty, so he has reason to be grateful."

My friend could not go out of his road to visit the stranger, whom he never saw again; but it was, notwithstanding, pleasant to reflect that he had been the means of preserving the life of a fellow-being, and saving a large family from poverty, sorrow, and suffering. My friend went on his way rejoicing, and though I have no doubt that he felt he had only done his duty, still that very feeling must have afforded a pleasant and satisfactory glow to his heart as he glided on his homeward way over the snow.

MR. DISRAELI ON THE JEWS.

In his novel, "Coningsby," first published in 1844, Mr. Disraeli thus speaks of his compatriots. The speaker, Sidonia, is a great Hebrew capitalist:—

"The Jews, independently of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance, and energy and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and shrinking themselves from converts as from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the religious systems of the countries in which they live flourish. . . . Every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them. Do you think that the quiet humdrum persecution of a decorous representative of an English university can crush those who have successively baffled the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, Rome, and the Feudal ages? The fact is, you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organisation. It is a physiological fact, a simple law of Nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. No penal laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race should be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear; the pure persecuted race remains. And at this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries, of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws, which you still obey; of their literature, with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect.

"You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reforma-

tion, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of Spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place—a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this race, their name is legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone.

"I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious.

"A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the Court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it; and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the Czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuevo Cristiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult the President of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts?"

"And is Soult a Hebrew?"

"Yes, and others of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example; his real name was Manassch; but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia; and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes."

"You startle and deeply interest me."

"You must study physiology, my dear child. Pure races of Caucasus may be persecuted, but they cannot be despised, except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed, that brandishes faggots and howls extermination, but is itself exterminated, without persecution, by that irresistible law of Nature which is fatal to curs."

"But I come also from Caucasus," said Coningsby.

"Verily; and thank your Creator for such a destiny; and your race is sufficiently pure. You come from the shores of the Northern Sea—land of the blue eye, and the golden hair, and the frank brow; 'tis a famous breed, with whom we Arabs have contended long, from whom we have suffered much; but these Goths, and Saxons, and Normans, were doubtless great men."

"But so favoured by Nature, why has not your race produced great poets, great orators, great writers?"

"Favoured by Nature and by Nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel;—they are our Olynthians, our Philippiens. Favoured by Nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by Nature we have been persecuted by Man. After a thousand struggles; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled—we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza.

"But the passionate and creative genius, that is the nearest link to Divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it—that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence—has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of Music; that science of harmonious sounds, which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past; though, were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, springs from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your muscadins of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi—little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to 'the sweet singers of Israel!'"

Varieties.

ROME AND THE ROMANS.—The population of the Eternal City, it has been said with equal truth and sarcasm, consists of priests, nobles, and beggars. Within the walls of Rome there is no trade, industry, or commerce of any kind. Such work as may be done here is invariably performed by the mountaineers and provincials, who flock into the capital for employment. The native Romans support themselves by letting lodgings, by selling modern curiosities for antiques, by attending the studios of artists as middlemen between models and painters, or by obtaining the patronage of some priest, friar, or convent. For sordid, squalid poverty the back streets of Rome surpass those of any other European city. The lottery eats up the scanty earnings of the poor; the system of espionage, so universal in Rome, destroys all sense of moral dignity; and the indiscriminate charity of the religious orders removes the only incentive which could drive a debased and degraded populace to honest labour.

BUNSEN'S STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.—I write from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, only in the course of that time having a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, where I also often study; from four to six I dine and walk; from six to seven sleep; from seven to eleven work again. I have overtaken in study (Arabic and Persian) some of the French students who had begun a year ago. God be thanked for this help! Before I go to bed I read a chapter in the New Testament, in the morning on rising one in the Old Testament; yesterday I began the Psalms from the first.

PROPORTION OF THE FEET TO THE BODY.—M. Bonomi has been measuring the Venus de Medici. He finds that, allowance being made for her position, her height is about 5ft. 2in. (the actual height of the statue is 4ft. 11in.), while the foot is exactly 9in. long, rather more than 1-7th of the whole height. This does not quite agree with Vitruvius, who gives 1-6th of the height as the proper length of the foot; but it agrees with the measurements of all the best statues. The greatest width of the foot is 3½in.—i.e., 1-18th of the height. Here, then, says M. Bonomi, we have a rule for shoemakers and for shoe-wearers. Any lady who compresses her foot below these dimensions is not only giving herself pain, but is putting herself "out of proportion."

EDITORIAL TROUBLES AND ADVICES.—I am afraid that I may be taxed with insensibility by many of my correspondents, who believe their contributions unjustly neglected. And, indeed, when I sit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious study, and the offspring of a fond parent, I, who know the passions of an author, cannot remember how long they have lain in my boxes unregarded without imagining to myself the various changes of sorrow, impatience, and resentment which the writers must have felt in this tedious interval. These reflections are still more awakened when, upon perusal, I find some of them calling for a place in the next paper—a place which they have never yet obtained; others writing in a style of superiority and haughtiness, as secure of deference and above fear of criticism; others humbly offering their weak assistance with softness and submission, which they believe impossible to be resisted; some introducing their compositions with a menace of the contempt which he that refuses them will incur; others applying privately to the booksellers for their interest and solicitation; every one by different ways endeavouring to secure the bliss of publication. I cannot but consider myself as placed in a very incommensurable situation, where I am forced to repress confidence which it is pleasing to indulge, to repay civilities with appearances of neglect, and so frequently to offend those by whom I never was offended. I know well how rarely an author, fired with the beauties of his new composition, contains his raptures in his own bosom, and how naturally he imparts to his friends his expectation of renown; and as I can easily conceive the eagerness with which a new paper is snatched up by one who expects to find it filled with his own production, and perhaps has called his companions to share the pleasure of a second perusal, I grieve for the disappointment which he is to feel at the fatal inspection. His hopes, however, do not yet forsake him; he is certain of giving lustre to the next number. The next number comes, and again he pants with expectation; and having dreamed of laurels and Parnassus, casts his eye upon the barren page with which he is doomed never more to be delighted. For such cruelty what atonement can be made? For such calamities what alleviation can be found? I am

afraid that the mischief already done must be without reparation, and all that deserves my care is prevention for the future. Let, therefore, the next friendly contributor, whoever he be, observe the cautions of Swift, and write secretly in his own chamber, without communicating his design to his nearest friend, for the nearest friend will be pleased with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the post himself, and wait in silence for the event. If it is published and praised, he may then declare himself the author; if it be suppressed, he may wonder in private without much vexation; and if it be censured, he may join in the cry, and lament the dulness of the writing generation.—*Dr. Johnson (Rambler, No. 56, September 29, 1750).*

RUSSIAN CATECHISM.—The Emperor Nicholas, father of the present Czar, caused a Catechism, from which the following extracts are made, to be printed and circulated throughout the empire, and taught in all the schools and churches professing the Greek faith throughout Russia:—

"Ques. What does our religion teach us, the humble subjects of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to practise towards him?"

"Ans. Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, love and prayer; the whole being comprised in the words, worship and fidelity."

"Ques. What kind of obedience do we owe him?"

"Ans. An active, passive, and unbounded obedience in every point of view."

"Ques. What benevolent sentiments are due to the Emperor?"

"Ans. We should manifest our goodwill and affection, in endeavouring to promote the prosperity of our native land, Russia (not Poland)."

"Ques. Is it incumbent on us to pray for the prosperity of the Emperor, and for Russia?"

"Ans. Both publicly and privately, beseeching the Almighty to grant the Emperor health, integrity, and security."

"Ques. How is infidelity to the Emperor to be considered in reference to God?"

"Ans. As the most heinous of all sins, the most frightful criminality."

"Ques. Are we called upon to respect the public authorities?"

"Ans. Yes; because they represent the Emperor; so that the Emperor is everywhere."

"Ques. What are the supernatural motives for worshipping the Emperor?"

"Ans. God commands us to love and obey, from the inmost recesses of the heart, every authority, and particularly the Emperor, from apprehensions of the final judgment."

UNIVERSITY REFORM.—Sir W. Hamilton, in his "Discussions," estimates the annual revenues of Oxford at about £600,000, and those of Cambridge at £200,000. The endowments of both universities were intended solely for educational purposes, but how are these now appropriated? Is it not notorious that more than two-thirds of the Fellows are non-resident? Even those who reside often do very little of the proper work of a Fellow. The tuition of the students is mostly carried on by private tutors or "coaches." In fact, the original objects of Fellowship endowments have long ago been lost sight of. What is the remedy for such abuses? Let all Fellows be required to reside and teach, or to resign their emoluments if they fail to do so. It might require an Act of Parliament to compel residence or resignation, but such an Act might be passed, I apprehend, without much difficulty in the next Parliament. What would be thought of an endowed school where the masters were paid £15,000 or £20,000 a year for educating from ten to thirty boys, and where less than one-third of the masters was in residence? Yet this is precisely the case of more than one college here.—**A MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.**

SEA—CAUTION.—Persons requiring berths for apprentices and boys in the merchant service are cautioned against replying to advertisements inserted by unauthorised persons styling themselves agents, captains, shipbrokers, shipowners, etc. An account of the persons recently convicted for unlawfully obtaining money, under the pretence of finding employment for boys and others on board ship, together with an official list of persons who can legally engage boys and others for merchant ships, may be obtained (gratis and post free), on application to the Registrar-General of Seamen, No. 6, Adelaide Place, London Bridge.